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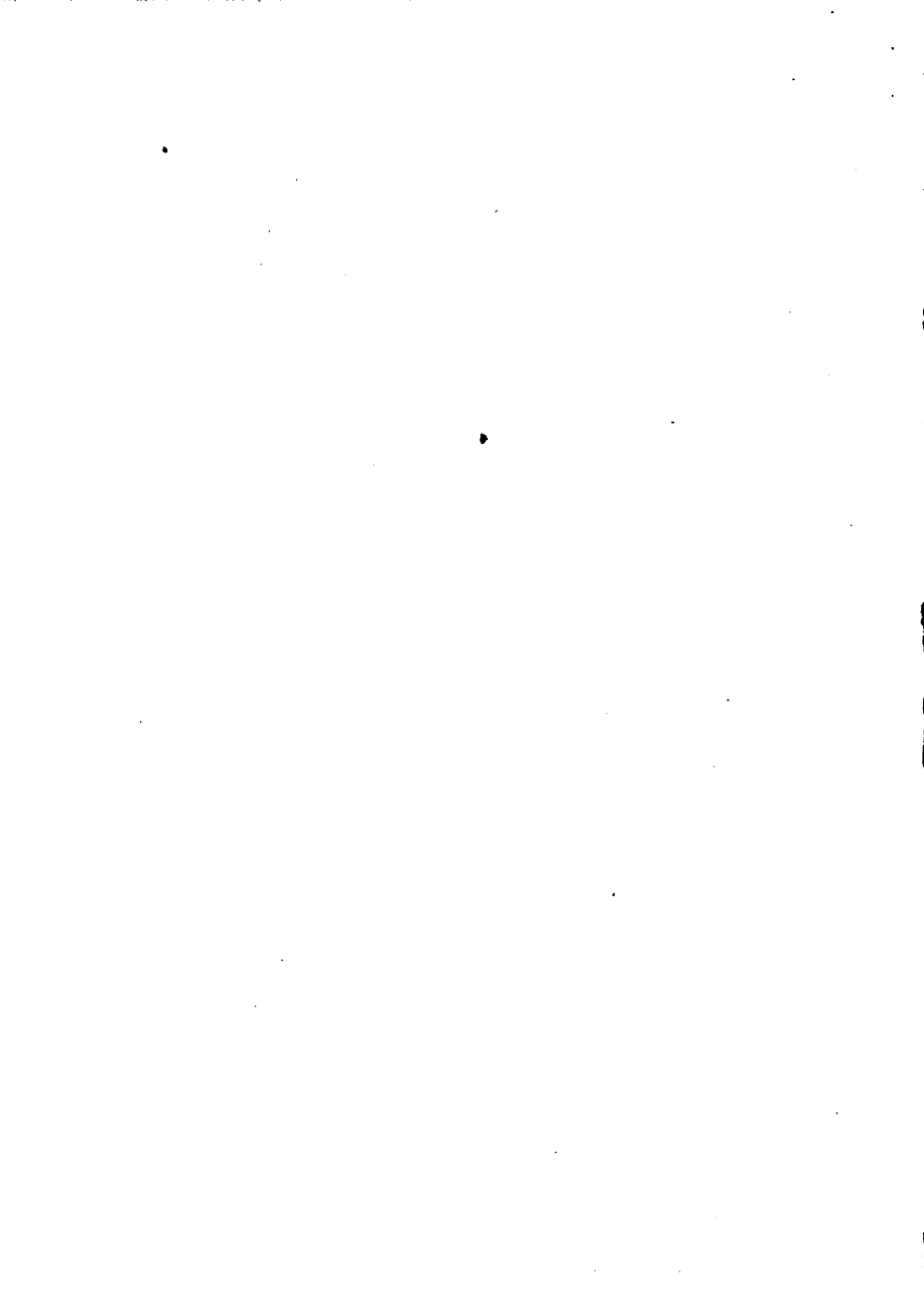
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“Heaven lies about us in our infancy”

WORDSWORTH

0

THE RICHMOND SECOND READER

BY

CELIA RICHMOND

AND

HARRIET ESTELLE RICHMOND



GINN & COMPANY

BOSTON • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LONDON

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TO
FRANCENA

PREFACE

In the preparation of this book there has been no attempt to make it in any sense a special reader. It touches the all-round life of the child. The great sources of the world's inspiration have been drawn upon,—nature, art and literature, science, fable, and myth. The attempt is made to bring the child close to his work and his play, to history, poetry, and story, to children at home and to children in other lands; and to lay the emphasis not on the warrior hero but on the constructive hero of peace. The development of the large world conception of our relationship to humanity as a whole follows close after the inculcation of

Gentleness,

And mercy to the weak, and reverence for life.

In arrangement of subjects the book follows the school year. A group of correlated topics in natural sequence touches on the fall work, leading up to the Thanksgiving story, thence to the Christmas story, and so on, to the subjects connected with spring and summer with which the book ends. A special feature is the group of Siegfried stories, which form a serial running through the reader. They are the musical *motif* to which nearly all the matter of the book adapts itself. The awakening of Brunhilde is

only the personifying of the resurrection of the earth at the touch of Spring.

It is suggested that the reading be preceded by much story-telling, that the child may be ready to enter into the spirit of the masters. In order to do this the teacher must herself keep close to the great sources, to the world's great poetry, to stores of myth and fable, to the masters of art. As Mr. William T. Harris so ably says: "This is the only antidote for the constant tendency of the teacher to sink into a dead formalism, the effect of too much iteration and of the practice of adjusting knowledge to the needs of the feeble-minded, by perpetual explanation of what is already simple *ad nauseam* for the mature intelligence of the teacher. It produces a sort of pedagogical cramp in the soul for which there is no remedy like a philosophical view of the world unless, perhaps, it be the study of the greatest poets, Shakespeare, Dante, and Homer."

The illustrations in this reader are from reproductions of famous paintings or from photographs taken by artists.

The stories have all stood the practical test of use in the schoolroom. As story-teller to groups of children for several years, one of the writers discovered for herself that the world's great literature presents forms of dramatic thought which can be brought within the child's comprehension, and to which the whole being of the child

most readily responds. In a word, the simple purpose of this book has been to avoid formalism and hackneyed thought, and in every possible way to retain the spirit that giveth life.

The selections from Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Frank Dempster Sherman, and Mrs. Whitney are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of their works. Grateful acknowledgments are also due to Little, Brown & Co. for permission to use "October's Bright Blue Weather" by "H. H.," "The Rainbow" and "Who Has Seen the Wind?" by Christina Rossetti, and "How the Leaves Came Down" by Susan Coolidge; to Harper & Brothers for "The Lost Playmate" by Abbie Farwell Brown, published in *Harper's Magazine*; to Isabel Sturtevant Burton for the poem "June"; to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for the use of material adapted from the poems of Celia Thaxter and of Longfellow; to the A. Flanagan Company for material adapted from "Nature Myths" by Flora J. Cooke; and to the Educational Publishing Company for "James Watt and the White Giant" from the "Young Folk's Library of Choice Literature"; also to J. Horace McFarland, Frances and Mary Allen, and Curtis & Cameron for the use of copyright or special pictures.

CELIA RICHMOND

HARRIET RICHMOND

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THE
RICHMOND SECOND READER



CINDERELLA

II. LE JEUNE

CINDERELLA—I

Once upon a time there lived a little girl whose name was Cinderella. She was as fair and good as any one could wish.

She had a stepmother and two older sisters who were not kind to her.

They made her sweep the floors, take up the ashes and cinders, and do most of the hard work. That was why they called her Cinderella, which means a little cinder maid.

Now the king of that country was going to give a great ball for his son, the prince.

He invited all the people for miles around.

Of course Cinderella's sisters were invited.

They were proud and happy, for they hoped the prince would dance with them.

Cinderella must iron their ribbons and laces, and get their velvet dresses ready. They talked of nothing but the good time they would have.

CINDERELLA — II

The night of the ball came. Cinderella helped her sisters get ready.

When they had gone she sat down by the kitchen fire and cried. She wished she could go to the ball too.

Then a wonderful thing happened.

All at once a fairy stood before her. She held a wand in her hand.

“What is the matter?” said the fairy with a smile. “Do you want to go to the ball?”

“Oh, yes!” Cinderella sobbed.

“Well, I can help you. I am your fairy god-mother.”

The fairy waved her wand and just touched a pumpkin with it. The pumpkin became a beautiful gold coach lined with red satin.

She turned six fat mice into horses, a big rat into a coachman, and six lizards from the garden into footmen.

Then she touched Cinderella with her wand.

The ragged dress of the cinder maid was changed into cloth of gold with rich jewels. On her feet were glass slippers, the prettiest ever seen.

“Now,” the fairy godmother said, “go to the ball. But remember, if you stay after twelve o’clock, your coach will be a pumpkin again, and you will be a ragged little cinder maid.”

Cinderella had a very good time. The king and queen thought she was beautiful; and the prince danced with her many times.

At a quarter of twelve she remembered what the fairy had told her.

So she said good night to the king and queen, got into her coach, and went home.

When her sisters came they told her about a beautiful princess who had been at the ball.

They did not know the princess was Cinderella. They said no one knew who the stranger was.

CINDERELLA — III

The next night the queen gave a great ball.

Cinderella's sisters were there and so was Cinderella. Every one thought her more beautiful than before.

"Now remember twelve o'clock," had been the fairy's last words when she started. But before she knew it the clock began to strike twelve.

Poor Cinderella ran out of the room and down the stairs. She went so fast she lost off one of her glass slippers.

The prince followed her. But when he got to the door he saw only a ragged little cinder girl on the street. He picked up the slipper and put it in his pocket.

The next day every one talked about the ball. They said, "What do you think? The princess went away in a great hurry about twelve o'clock, and she lost one of her slippers. No one knows where she lives."

How was the prince to find out who the beautiful princess was?

He sent men with trumpets for miles around to ask every young lady to try on the slipper. He said he would marry the one whose foot it just fitted. Hundreds of young ladies tried the slipper but found it too small.

At last the prince and the men with trumpets came to Cinderella's house.

The two sisters tried the slipper, but they could not get it on.

Then Cinderella, who had crept into the room, said, "Let me try it."

"Go into the kitchen where you belong," said the elder sister.

But the prince said, "No, every maid must try on the slipper."

So Cinderella sat down; and the prince put the glass slipper on her foot. It just fitted her. She took the other slipper out of her pocket, and put it on the other foot.

Then the fairy godmother came in and touched Cinderella with her wand. The ragged girl was no longer a cinder maid, but a fine young lady dressed in satin and velvet.

The sisters were ashamed. They were sorry they had not been kind to Cinderella.

But Cinderella was as good and helpful as she had always been. When she and the prince were married she asked her sisters to live with her in the royal palace.

SOME ROYAL CHILDREN

Long ago these three little children lived in England. Their father was King Charles I.

The children of a king are not always as happy as you might think.

When this picture was painted these children had everything in the world they could wish for. But there came a time when the people did not want their father for a king.



ANTHONY VAN DYCK

CHILDREN OF CHARLES I OF ENGLAND

Then the mother took her children and went away from England. For years they were very poor. Sometimes they had hardly enough to eat.

The picture was painted by a great artist, Anthony van Dyck. He made many beautiful pictures of these royal children.

Prince Charles stands next to the dog, with his hand on the dog's head. He is dressed in

a frock of red satin trimmed with gold lace. His large round eyes look straight at us.

In the middle is his sister, the Princess Mary. She is a dainty little lady. Her dress is of white satin. There are pearls around her neck, and pink roses in her curls.

Close to her is the little Prince James. He is often called the Baby Stuart. He stands very straight in his dress of blue satin, and holds an orange in his hands.

Both the boys grew up to be kings of England. The Princess Mary never became a queen, but she had a happier life than her brothers had.

There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

THE GENTIAN

O Gentian! I have found you out,
And you must tell me true;
See I put my ear close down,—
Where did you get your blue?



From photograph by J. HORACE MCFARLAND

GENTIAN

I found it, little one, here and there,
 'T was ready made for me;
 Some in your eyes and some in the skies,
 And some in the dark blue sea.

And where did you get that lovely fringe,
 O Gentian, that you wear?
 I caught a glimpse of your dark eyelash,
 And a glimpse of your curly hair.

And why do you stand so straight and still,
 When they say that you are wild?
 O that I got in a different way,
 And not from any child.

Selected

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
 And flowers of June together,
 Ye cannot rival for one hour
 October's bright blue weather;



VAN CAMP

AUTUMN

When gentians roll their fringes tight
 To save them for the morning;
And chestnuts fall from satin burs
 Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
 In piles like jewels shining;
And redder still on old stone walls
 Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
 Their white-winged seeds are sowing;
And in the fields, still green and fair,
 Late aftermaths are growing.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
 Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
 October's bright blue weather.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

THE ANTS AND THE GRASSHOPPER

A large family of busy Ants lived on a hillside. They had a fine home in the sand and they were proud of it.

All summer they worked early and late to lay up food for the winter. They kept their house neat and took good care of the baby Ants.

A Grasshopper lived in a field near the hillside. He was careless and happy. He did not work. All day he danced up and down the grass stalks.

The Ants said to him: "Why are you not laying up food this pleasant weather? What do you do all day?"

"Oh!" the Grasshopper gayly replied; "I have no time to work. I dance and I sing."

"You will be hungry when winter comes," said the Ants.

"I never was hungry," said the Grasshopper. "Winter is a long way off." So he danced away.

“Poor thing,” the Ants said; “he will be sorry by and by.”

The winter came and it was bitter cold.

The Ants went into their warm home and shut the door.

The poor Grasshopper was stiff with frost, and very hungry. He could find nothing to eat, for the ground was covered with snow. He did not feel like dancing and singing then.

He went to the Ants' house and knocked at the door. “Please, dear Ants,” he said, “give me some food. I am very hungry.”

The Ants gave him food, but they could not take him into their little house. There was no room for a big grasshopper.

“Oh!” the Grasshopper said; “if I had only worked all summer as you did, I should not be cold and hungry now.”

He crept slowly away, and the Ants never saw him again.

Adapted from Æsop

THE STORY OF CERES—I

Long ago when the world was young a happy people lived in the land we call Greece.

They had strange thoughts about this world of ours. When they saw the sun rise and set, the moon and stars shine out at night, and the flowers and leaves come and go, they said:

“There must be some one who takes care of all these wonderful things, some one who rules the sun and moon, some one who hides in the trees, some one who lives in everything we see.”

They called these people who took care of everything gods and goddesses.

They thought the gods lived on a high mountain where it was always summer. Sometimes they came to visit the earth.

Apollo was the god of the sun. The people loved him very much.

They also loved Ceres, the kind Earth Mother. Ceres took care of all the plants and grains

and fruits on the earth. She taught the people to plow the fields and to plant the seeds. She helped them gather the harvests.

Ceres had one little daughter called Spring; and she loved her just as all mothers love their little girls.

Spring was a pretty child, all pink and white, like apple blossoms. Her yellow curls were like sunshine, and her eyes as blue as the sky.

The flowers blossomed whenever she smiled.

THE STORY OF CERES — II

One day Ceres lost her little girl. Spring went out to play, and did not come home.

Then the mother began to search. She went up and down the earth weeping, with a torch in her hand. She looked like a wrinkled old woman. But she could not find her daughter.

Her friends tried to help her. Every day Apollo searched for Spring as he drove his sun-chariot. The earth was sorry for Ceres; and all the



CERES

Greek Statue

trees dropped their leaves. The flowers said, "We cannot bloom if little Spring is away."

Soon there were no green things on all the earth. But after a long time there was a change. A gentle breeze came from the south and whispered to everybody he met.

Apollo looked happy as he drove his chariot through the sky. The flowers sprang up. The green leaves came out to see what was happening. The birds began to sing.

Everything said, "Be happy, be happy. Spring is coming back."

Ceres heard it, and came out of the cave where she was sitting, sad and unhappy. She caught a glimpse of the dear Spring coming to her, and held out her arms. She no longer looked like an old woman. She was young and beautiful.

But Spring could stay with her mother only half the year. The world was filled with beauty and joy for six months.

Then Spring went away again. Ceres knew this time that her daughter would come back to her. So she spread a soft white blanket over the earth, and covered the lakes and brooks.

Then she fell asleep in her cave and dreamed a happy dream. She kept the torch burning beside her all the time Spring was away.

She slept until she felt again the light kiss of Spring on her forehead.

THE EARTH MOTHER

The picture of Ceres is from an old Greek statue. The statue was cut out of marble so long ago that no one knows who made it.

Once this Ceres held in her right hand a sheaf of wheat. High in her left was the torch with which she hunted for little Spring. The statue is so very old that the sheaf and the torch have been broken off.

Does n't she look as if she saw Spring coming? She is a loving mother. Any child would run to her.

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

I'll tell you how the leaves came down.

The great Tree to his children said,
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red;
It is quite time you went to bed."

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.
"Good-night, dear little leaves," he said;
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good-night," and softly said;
"It is so nice to go to bed."

SUSAN COOLIDGE

AUTUMN FIRES¹

In the other gardens
 And all up the vale,
 From the autumn bonfires
 See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
 And all the summer flowers,
 The red fire blazes,
 The gray smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
 Something bright in all!
 Flowers in the summer,
 Fires in the fall!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The world is so full of a number of things,
 I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.¹

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

¹ From *Poems and Ballads*. Copyright, 1895, 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE—I

Up in the garden of the sky Iris was born. She was a little sky fairy, and as happy as the day was long.

Every one loved her. All day the gay little winds frolicked and romped with her.

She had her nap on a fleecy white cloud. At twilight the stars played hide and go seek with her. She went to sleep at night rocked in the silver cradle of the moon.

The Sun was the king of the sky. Often he invited Iris to ride with him in his golden chariot.

Sometimes she visited the Earth with him, when he made his daily round. Sometimes, when she was playing with the raindrops, she slipped down to earth with them.

The Earth liked to have Iris come to make visits. She teased her to stay with her, and begged her not to go back to the sky. She taught



A SKY FAIRY

WILLIAM KAULBACH

her to make wreaths of bright flowers, and to string the golden dandelions in chains.

But Iris had a grandfather, the gray old Sea. She loved him better than anything in the sky or on the earth.

The stern Sea smiled when he saw her coming. He grew quiet and mild whenever she slipped her little hand into his. Every one wanted Iris, because she was so gentle and good.

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE—II

One day her grandfather said, "Iris shall come and stay with me all the time."

"No," the Sun replied; "Iris belongs to me as well as to you. She shall go back and forth between us, and be our messenger."

So the Sun called together the winds and the clouds, the sky, the earth, and the sea.

Then he said to them, "We must make a bridge for Iris, because she is to be the messenger between the sky and the earth."

The next day the Earth brought the tints of her fairest flowers, rose and blue and violet. The Sea gave ribbons of green and gold.

So they wove for her a bridge. The sky was the loom, the wind was the shuttle. The Sun himself was the weaver. All the colors were there, — red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. But they were so woven together that you could not tell where one left off and another began.

When the Rainbow bridge was done, it was the most beautiful the world had ever seen.

One end was fastened to the sky. The Sun gave Iris a pot of gold with which she could fix the other end to the earth.

On her shoulders they placed golden wings.

When we see a rainbow in the sky, we can know that Iris is hurrying over her bridge between earth and heaven.

Adapted from "Nature Myths and Stories"

by FLORA J. COOKE

THE RAINBOW

There are bridges over the rivers,
As pretty as you please ;
But the bow that arches heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a bridge from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

ALADDIN'S LAMP

Have you ever heard of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp?

Aladdin was a little boy who lived long ago in a country far to the East. His father was dead, and his mother was very poor.

One day, as he was playing in the fields, a stranger came near. "Is your name Aladdin?" he said; "and was your father called Mustapha?"

"Yes," Aladdin answered; "but my father has been dead a long time."

“Ah, yes,” the stranger said; “I knew your father well. I should like to help you if I can. I am a magician, and I can do many strange things. But do you not want to do something for me? If you will put this ring on your finger, and go into a cave among the rocks yonder, you will find a lamp there. I want you to get it for me.”

So Aladdin put on the ring and went down into the cave, where he found the lamp.

The magician waited outside. He really was not so kind a man as he seemed to be.

“Hand the lamp up to me,” he called down.

“Yes,” Aladdin answered, “when you have helped me out of the cave.”

“If you don’t give it to me at once,” the stranger said, “I shall shut you up in there.”

The magician looked very fierce. Aladdin was frightened, but he did not give him the lamp.

Then the man shut the door of the cave and went off, leaving the boy inside.

Aladdin sat down and said to himself, "What shall I do now?"

He began to play with the ring on his finger. It was a magic ring. As he rubbed it, suddenly a black giant stood before him and said: "I am your slave. What can I do for you? Whenever you rub the ring I come."

Aladdin was a bit frightened, but he said, "Put me up on the earth where I was."

As soon as he was out of the cave he ran home to show the lamp to his mother. She thought Aladdin would better clean it, for it looked old and rusty.

So he sat down with sand and water, and began to rub it. It was a magic lamp. As he rubbed it, to his great surprise, there stood before him another black giant, who said: "I am your slave. What can I do for you? Whenever you rub the lamp I come."

Aladdin was not so frightened as he had been, and he replied: "I am hungry. Bring me food."

In a moment the giant brought him silver dishes heaped with good things to eat.

The next day Aladdin sold the silver plates. He and his mother lived for a long time on the money the plates brought.

Whenever he wanted anything he had only to rub his lamp. Then the giant would come and bring him what he asked for.

Some day you will read other stories about Aladdin and his wonderful lamp.

A HAPPY BOY

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



THE MELON EATERS

MURILLO

JERRY'S THANKSGIVING. A TRUE STORY

I—JERRY'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

I shall not forget the first time I saw Jerry. I was visiting a kindergarten in Boston, and this was Jerry's first day at school. He was just four years old.

It was early in November, and very cold.

Jerry was far from clean. His trousers were ragged. He had no coat, and wore a thin cotton shirtwaist. He coughed so he could hardly speak.

And yet, cold and ragged as he was, you saw only his round smiling face. He was a happy boy, and nothing could make him really unhappy.

That afternoon I went with the teacher of the kindergarten to hunt up Jerry's home. We carried him a little coat that had been given us.

We found the house on a dark narrow street. When we rapped no one answered. At last a

woman put her head out of a window near by, and said, "There isn't any one at home."

"Can you tell us something about Jerry?" we asked.

"Well," she said, "Jerry's mother washes dishes at a hotel down town. She goes early in the morning and stays until midnight. Jerry's father sells bananas. He isn't much help. His brother Jack is nine. He takes care of Jerry."

II—ANOTHER KINDERGARTEN

"What can be done for Jerry?" I said, as we walked away.

I thought of another kindergarten that I knew.

The children there had good warm clothes and happy homes. Their fathers and mothers could give them all they needed. Jerry had almost nothing.

So I told these other children all I knew about Jerry. I asked them if they would like to give

him a Thanksgiving dinner. Thanksgiving was coming very soon.

They were eager to begin. The very next morning they brought fruits and vegetables and clothes. There were mittens and caps, a warm overcoat, and a blouse with a pocket in it.

Little Charles brought the blouse. He showed me the pocket, and said: "There are three pennies in it. Some day Jerry will put his hand in the pocket. Then he will find the pennies and buy sweets with them."

The boy who gave the overcoat put a picture book in the pocket. "Jerry's mother can read him stories when he goes to bed," he said.

Poor little Jerry! His mother never had time to read him to sleep at night.

But she would be home Thanksgiving Day, and could cook the dinner.

Some of the children had brought money. We had over four dollars. So we said we would give Jerry the best Thanksgiving he had ever had.

III—THE THANKSGIVING DINNER

The day before Thanksgiving we sent most of the things to Jerry's home by the expressman. A few of the clothes and the money we carried.

When we came to the house we found no one at home. We walked down the street and saw the boys playing on a dump heap. Jack had the key and we went into their two little rooms.

The kitchen was as dark and damp as a cellar. There was not a place in it clean enough to lay the clothes down. The table was covered with dirty dishes. There was a clothesline strung about the room.

Jack said: "Oh, hang the things on the line. The rats will gnaw them if you lay them down."

We showed Jack how to clean up the room a little. Then he washed Jerry's face and hands and combed his hair.

You see there was no one to take care of Jerry except Jack. His mother had no time.

We took out the blouse and put it on Jerry. Then came the nice long overcoat, and a cap that pulled over his ears, and warm mittens.

Jack's eyes shone with pride as he looked at Jerry.

But Jerry! Never did I see a little lad so proud. He thrust his hands into the side pockets of the coat.

With his head on one side he strutted down the street before us. His face was one wide smile. When he met his friends he shouted, "Hi, Mary," "Hi, Joseph," in a way that made us laugh.

The friends came on behind as we went to the market. We were going to buy the dinner.

"Think of having a turkey!" Jack said. "We never had one."

We bought a fine turkey with cranberries and vegetables. We got sugar, butter, grapes, oranges,

and nuts. Then we went to the candy store and let Jerry pick out the candy he liked best. He chose a gay striped kind.

We started for home. A market man with the basket came behind us, and two of the happiest boys you ever saw danced before.

They hardly slept that night, they were in such a hurry for Thanksgiving to come.

In the morning they made the kitchen neat, and helped their mother get the dinner.

The day after Thanksgiving Jack and Jerry said to me: "That was the best dinner we ever ate. We never had such a grand time in all our lives."

But I think the little children who gave them the dinner were the happiest of all.

The first day after the Thanksgiving vacation they came to school with their faces shining, and called to me, "Did Jerry have a good time?"

So I told them all about it, as I have told you.



From photograph by FRANCES and MARY ALLEN

SHOEING LETTY

A VISIT TO THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP

Would you like to hear about a visit some children made to see a blacksmith at work in his shop?

The smithy was a long, long room.

At one end was the smith in his big leather apron. He was getting ready to shoe two horses.

A fire of charcoal burned on the forge. A heavy hammer lay on the anvil.

With his long pincers the smith picked up a new shoe and put it in the fire. He blew the bellows until the fire blazed and the horseshoe became red hot.

The children loved to hear the bellows roar and to see the sparks fly, as the smith hammered the red-hot iron upon the anvil.

When he had beaten and shaped the shoe he cooled it in a tub of water. Then he tried it on the old dray horse which stood waiting.

Horses have to be fitted to shoes just as you do. No two horses have feet alike.

The kind smith showed the children shoes of all shapes and sizes.

Then from a nail over the shop door he took down a very large horseshoe. It was three times as large as any horse could wear.

"And what do you suppose this is for?" he asked, smiling.

"Well," little Titus answered, "I should think that would do for an elephant."

The blacksmith laughed and hung the horse-shoe above the door again.

The shoes were now ready for the two waiting horses.

The old dray horse was used to being shod. He never moved when the smith picked up his foot. It was a slippery morning and he knew he could never drag his heavy load unless his shoes were sharp.

The other horse was a young colt. He had never been shod. When his turn came he stood on his hind legs and pranced. When the smith tried to pick up his foot he pulled it away. They had a lively time for a few minutes.

The blacksmith was patient and gentle. He didn't hurry, but coaxed the colt. At last all four of the pretty light shoes were on the colt's feet.

As we went away from the shop Titus said, "When I'm a man, I'm going to be a blacksmith."

THE STORY OF SIEGFRIED—I

SIEGFRIED'S BABYHOOD

These stories of the far-away North are as old as the hills themselves. Norse fathers and mothers told them to their children hundreds of years ago.

Listen. Once on a time a queer little dwarf was bending over his fire in a dark cave. He had grown small and black by living away from the light.

He was a blacksmith and worked every day at his anvil and forge.

As he bent over the fire he heard a faint blast of a silver horn. He thought it called him. "Mimi, Mimi," it said. That was the dwarf's name.

He went to the door of the cave to listen. The cave was on the edge of a dark wood. Again he heard the horn calling, "Mimi." He hurried into the wood and found a woman and a baby.

“Oh!” the mother said; “I am so glad some one has come. I have n’t long to live. Will you take my baby and care for him? His name is Siegfried. Here is a broken sword. This and the silver horn are all I have to give him. The sword belonged to his father. Keep it till he grows to be a man.”

The dwarf took the child into the cave. There was a bright light about the little golden head. He seemed like a ray of sunshine in a dark place.

Siegfried soon became the joy of the dwarf’s heart. He was one who should grow up to be free and glad in the world, to love and serve his fellow-men.

A CHILD’S PRAYER

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A tiny flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.



ADOLPH HENNING

SANCTUS, SANCTUS, SANCTUS

God make my life a little flower,
 That giveth joy to all,
 Content to bloom in native bower,
 Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
 That comforteth the sad;
 That helpeth others to be strong,
 And makes the singer glad.

M. BENTHAM-EDWARDS

THE SHEPHERD

Across the sea in France the fields and meadows have no fences. So when a flock of sheep go out to pasture a shepherd must go with them. The shepherd and his dog watch the lambs and keep the flock together.

In France the people who work out of doors are called peasants.

The peasant shepherd in the picture is taking his flock to the green pastures.

As soon as the sun rises he opens the gate of the sheepfold and calls to his sheep by name. "Come, Nannette; come, Babbette," he says.

They know their names and come one by one, as he calls. They know the shepherd's voice. If a stranger called, they would not follow.

The shepherd leads the flock until they come to green pastures and still-flowing waters.

All day the faithful dog keeps watch, while the sheep feed or lie down on the soft grass.



ANTON MAUVE

IN CHARGE OF THE FLOCK

When the sun gets low the peasant calls the sheep again, as he did in the morning, "Come, Nannette, Babbette."

They follow him, and the little lambs follow their mothers. They go slowly home, feeding as they go.

It is dark when they reach the sheepfold.

One of the sheep begins to call. She cannot find her little lamb, for it has wandered away in the dark. The shepherd will not leave the

lamb out in the cold. A lamb is very tender, and would die if left out all night.

So he puts on his long cloak and starts out with his dog to search for the lost lamb.

He calls and calls. By and by he hears a faint cry and finds the lamb lying on the cold ground. He takes it up in his arms, wraps his long cloak about it, and carries it home to the fold.

As he goes he thinks of his own little lamb at home. He knows his baby is safe and warm, watched over by the loving mother.

THE SHEPHERD'S HOME

As it grows dark the mother at home watches and waits for the shepherd.

He does not come. Then she knows he is out in the pastures looking for a lost lamb.

She lights the lamp and sits down to sew. She looks at her little baby lying safe and warm in the cradle. How happy she is! You can see the smile on her face as she sews.

The mother is a peasant too. In France the women work in the gardens and fields as the men do. While the shepherd tended his sheep the mother worked in the field.

But in the evening she sits at home and sews or knits. Sometimes she weaves the lambs' soft wool into clothes for all the family.

To-night she sits close to the baby's cradle, that she may listen to his gentle breathing.

She is mending the shepherd's cloak.

Do you see how the lamp throws its light on her sweet face under the ruffled white cap?

The baby lies fast asleep on the other side of the lamp. As the mother sews she softly sings:

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Thy father watches the sheep;

Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,

And down comes a little dream on thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep!



WOMAN SEWING BY LAMPLIGHT

MILLET

Sleep, baby, sleep !
The large stars are the sheep ;
The little ones are the lambs, I guess ;
The gentle moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

FROM THE SHEPHERD PSALM

The Lord is my shepherd.

I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
the days of my life;

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for-
ever.

PICCOLA

It was Christmas time in far-away France.

Piccola was a happy little peasant girl. She danced and danced, as lightly as her heavy wooden shoes would let her. "Saint Nicholas is coming, is coming," she sang. "He will not forget Piccola. I'm sure he will not."

Piccola's father and mother were very sad. They were peasants who had worked hard in the

fields all the summer and fall. They were poor, very poor.

They sighed when Piccola danced and sang. "Saint Nicholas will not come to our house," they said. "He can bring nothing to our darling. We are too poor."

But Piccola knew that something beautiful must happen to every good child on Christmas.

Christmas Eve came. Piccola did not hang up her stocking, as you do; but, like all the little peasant children in France, she put her wooden shoe close by the chimney.

She was wide awake early in the gray morning. "Christmas has come," she said. "I must look in my shoe."

Across the room she ran. Such a shout of joy as she gave!

The happy child rushed into the next room. "See, mother, — father!" she cried; "see what good Saint Nicholas has brought!"

What do you think was in her wooden shoe?

A dear little sparrow, a little shivering bird.
He had flown in at the window and cuddled
himself to sleep in Piccola's warm shoe.

Piccola fed and warmed the hungry bird. Then
she danced and danced in her heavy shoes.

"Piccola must have been very good," she
said. "The dear saint has brought such a beautiful
present. I knew Saint Nicholas would come,
would come. He could not forget little Piccola."

The beautiful singer who told this story of
Piccola says,

"Children, this story I tell to you,
Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true.
In the far-off land of France, they say,
Still do they live to this very day."

THE WORLD'S A VERY HAPPY PLACE

The world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

Selected



BAMBINO

SOME FLORENTINE BABIES

Here in the picture is a baby wrapped in swaddling clothes. Did you know that babies were ever dressed like this? Far across the sea to-day many little babies wear swaddling clothes.

That means that they have yards of linen cloth wrapped around their little bodies and legs. They cannot kick and jump as your baby does.

This baby in the picture is one of a long row of pretty children. Long ago a great artist, named Della Robbia, made these children of plaster.

They are on the outside walls of a hospital for children. This hospital is in the beautiful city of Florence, in Italy. That is why we call them Florentine babies. For many years they have looked down on the dusty street.

Inside the hospital are little live babies. They also are Florentine babies. They are children who have no father or mother. The kind sisters are their nurses and take care of them.

Sister Gabriella is one of the nurses. I am sure you would love her, she has such a sweet motherly face.

One day I went with some friends to see the babies. Sister Gabriella took us upstairs and showed us a room full of children. They were

wrapped in swaddling clothes, like the baby in the picture. I felt sorry about the tight bands, for babies ought to be able to kick.

They laughed and crowed when they saw us coming. They held out their arms to Sister Gabriella.

We went into another room where the older children played. They were having their lunch at long low tables, such as you see in the kindergarten. We had brought them some chocolates. Their eyes danced when they saw the candy.

Among them was a cunning little Italian boy named Bruno. He was four years old. He spoke Italian, of course, but the sisters had taught him to say in French: "How do you do, my lady," "Thank you," and "Good-by."

The last thing we heard as we left the children's room was Bruno's funny little voice saying in French, "Good-by, Good-by!"

The last thing we saw as we went away from the hospital was the row of pretty little plaster babies looking down on the dusty street.



From a photograph

THE BEAR

THE BEARS AT BERNE

This world is full of interesting places.

I am going to take you across the sea into a strange city called Berne. It is in Switzerland, a country near France and Italy.

Here is the city gate and a long street stretching away.

Everywhere in this city you will find bears. There is a statue of a bear right in the middle of the street, with a fountain playing below it.

The children play in the fountain and the bear looks down on them.

There are tiny shops up and down the street. In these shops are men and little boys carving bears out of wood which they sell.

In the bakers' windows are bears made of gingerbread, and even on the tops of the cakes are brown chocolate bears.

Now come down the long street, out to the edge of the city. You did n't expect to see some live brown bears, did you? But here they are in a great bear pit.

They are more interesting than the gingerbread bears. A great many children and even men and women come every day to the pit and watch the funny little bears and the big father and mother bears.

See the clumsy creatures stand up on their hind legs and dance. They are teasing you to give them cakes and carrots and turnips. Watch them climb the tree trunks in the middle of the pit. Sometimes they go to sleep in the branches.

They clamber down quickly when they see a boy coming with some cakes. They sit up on their hind legs and beg for the cake, like little dogs.

The city of Berne has kept some bears in this big pit for five hundred years.

Why do you suppose a city should do this? It is just because, hundreds of years ago, a great duke killed a huge bear on this very spot. He thought it would be a good place to build a city.

That is why everywhere in Berne to-day you see bears. In one of the squares is a large statue of the duke on horseback. Four huge bears sit on guard around him.

If the live bears could know this story, I think they would wish the duke had never met the huge bear. Then they would be free in the beautiful country, and not shut up in a pit.

I am sure the little bears would be happier to roll over on the grass and on the sweet brown earth.

THE STORY OF SIEGFRIED — II

SIEGFRIED'S BOYHOOD

Siegfried, grew up in the cave with Mimi, and always called him father. He learned to do the work of a blacksmith and he loved it.

But the happy boy did not stay always indoors. He loved the open air and the forest.

Waving a good-by to Mimi, he would wind a blast on his silver horn and run into the cool woods. His hair was still golden, and a light like sunshine seemed to follow him as he ran. Wherever his feet touched the ground the grass grew green and the flowers sprang up.

The silver horn did not call "Mimi" now. It sang a different song, a song of a beautiful time to come. It said: "You must be free and glad. You must love and serve your fellow-men." Siegfried wondered what it meant.

He had no playmates except the birds and animals of the forest. When he blew his horn

the birds flew down and perched on his fingers. The animals came and frolicked with him.

But among them all the big brown bear was his best playfellow. The boy ran with the bear up the mountain sides. He rode on his back. Sometimes the bear would give Siegfried a real bear hug.

One afternoon after a long run Siegfried went to sleep with his head on the bear's back. When he awoke the sun was going down.

"Oh, dear!" he thought, "I must hurry home."

But how could he leave his good friend, the bear? No, the bear must go home with him.

So he wove a rope of grass and put it around the bear's neck. He blew great blasts on his horn and, leading the bear, ran down the hill. Laughing and shouting he rushed into the cave.

The dwarf was working at his forge. When he saw the bear he was so frightened he ran and hid behind the anvil.

"Why do you run?" Siegfried cried.



SIEGFRIED AND THE BEAR

The dwarf said nothing. The fire began to glow.
“Why do you run and hide?” the boy kept on.
“Do you not know what fear is?” asked Mimi.
“No,” laughed Siegfried. But he took the
rope of grass from the bear’s neck, patted his
head, and said, “Run home now, little brother.”
And the bear trotted away into the forest.

THE LOST PLAYMATE

All in the pleasant afternoon
I saw a pretty baby moon,
And oh! I loved its silver shine;
It was a little friend of mine.

Through rainy days and stormy weather
I thought we two should grow together;
But then alas! I did not know
How fast a little moon can grow.

And now when I go out to play
I cannot find the moon all day,
But she has grown so big and bright
They let her keep awake all night.

Though I may not sit up to see,
In bed she comes and smiles at me:
But oh! I miss the little moon
Who played there in the afternoon.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

HIAWATHA'S CANOE

Have you ever known a man who lived much out of doors, one who knew all about the trees, the brooks, the birds, and the animals?

Such a man knows what the weather is going to be. He can tell you all the secrets of the field and forest, where the speckled trout will bite, where the hazelnuts grow thickest, where the squirrels' nests are hid. Knowledge of all these things is called woodcraft.

There was never a people who knew more about woodcraft than our Indians in America.

You know the story of the Indian boy Hiawatha. Longfellow has told us about him.

Hiawatha began as a little boy to learn the woodcraft of the forest. He loved to listen to the whispering of the pine trees and the lapping of the water. He

Learned of every bird its language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,

Where they hid themselves in Winter,

Of all beasts he learned the language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How the beavers built their lodges,
 Where the squirrels hid their acorns.

When Hiawatha became older he wished to make a beautiful light canoe, such as all Indians had. And here again his woodcraft helped him. He went into the forest and said:

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-tree!

I a light canoe will build me,

That shall float upon the river,
 Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
 Like a yellow water-lily!"

And the birch tree said:

"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

The cedar tree gave him its boughs for the framework, and the larch tree its roots, so he could sew the birch bark together.



HIAWATHA

The fir tree gave him its balsam to cover the seams so the water could not get in.

Hiawatha asked the hedgehog for his quills and stained them with bright colors, red and blue and yellow. Then he wove them into the bark and made a necklace for his beauty.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

Up and down the river in his canoe went Hiawatha and the strong man, Kwasind. They cleared the bed of the river, and made a safe passage for all the Indian canoes.

WOODCRAFT

Here is something that the poet Whittier wrote about the woodcraft a happy country boy can know. Whittier says there is much to be learned outside of books and schools, —

Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine.
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

SOME LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

Some little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for a carriage,
They drove a playful breeze,
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.

But oh! they were so many,
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them,
And carried them all home.

A SNOW SONG

There's a wonderful weaver
High up in the air;
And he weaves a white mantle
For cold earth to wear.
With the wind for his shuttle,
The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves,
In the light, in the gloom.

Oh! with finest of lace
He decks bush and tree.
On the broad, flinty meadows
A cover lays he;
Then a quaint cap he places
On pillar and post,
And he changes the pump
To a fair silent ghost.

But this wonderful weaver
Grows weary at last;

And the shuttle lies idle
That once flew so fast.
Then the sun peeps abroad
On the work he has done,
And cries, "I'll unravel
It all, just for fun."

Selected

JAMES WATT AND THE WHITE GIANT

This story is about a giant. Do you believe in giants? This giant peeps out of your hot porridge bowl in the morning. He makes us all cheerful on a cold day in winter.

But a hundred years ago boys and girls did not know him as well as we do.

About a hundred years ago, far to the east across the sea, there lived a queer boy. He sat in his grandmother's kitchen many an hour watching the tea kettle.

He seemed to be idle but he was really very busy. He was talking to the giant who was

shut up in the kettle. No one knew how to free him, though many people had tried.

He was almost never seen. People only heard him and felt him. When he did show himself it was in the form of a very old man. This old man had long white hair, and a beard which wrapped him about like a cloak,—a cloak as white as snow.

So his name is the White Giant; but men call him Steam.

The boy's name was James Watt and he lived in far-away Scotland.

He sat a long time listening to the White Giant, who told him many wonderful things.

The boy saw that the lid of the tea kettle was acting very strangely. It rose and fell, danced up and down.

Now James had lived all his life among people who believed in witches and fairies. So he was watching for them. He thought there was somebody in the kettle trying to get out.

"Who are you?" he said; "and what do you want?"

"Space, freedom, and something to do," cried the giant. "If you will only let me out, I'll work hard for you. I'll draw your carriages and ships. I'll lift heavy things. I'll turn all the wheels of your factories. I'll be your servant always in a thousand other ways."

You see he was a little like the black giant who came when Aladdin rubbed his lamp.

At the time James Watt lived no one had tried to put the great White Giant, Steam, to work. There were no steamboats, nor steam mills, nor railways.

But this boy, whom his grandmother scolded because he was idle, finally made the first steam engine that was of any use to the world.

Little by little people came to know that Steam is a great and good giant; and they have made him useful in many different ways.

Adapted from "Young Folk's Library of Choice Literature"

THE STORY OF SIEGFRIED — III

FORGING THE SWORD

The dwarf was the only person Siegfried ever saw. He wondered about his mother. Mimi never spoke of her. Siegfried thought about her often in the early evening, when the stars came out in the sky.

One day he sat down on the bank of a pool of water. The pool was as clear as a mirror. He looked in and for the first time saw his own face, his golden hair and blue eyes.

“Why, I don’t look at all like Mimi,” he said.
“Can he be my father?”

He thought about it all day. When he went home that night he asked the dwarf if he really was his father.

Mimi said, “The time has come for me to tell you all I know.”

So he told Siegfried the story of his finding a mother and a little baby in the woods. He

told him all he knew about his father, who had been a brave knight.

Then he went to a high shelf in the cave and took down the broken sword which had belonged to Siegfried's father.

Siegfried did not know that the dwarf had tried many times to mend the sword and had always failed. He watched while Mimi blew up the fire and hammered and beat on the steel.

When Mimi had finished Siegfried picked up the sword. It fell apart in his hands. "Let me try it," he said. The fire on the forge glowed a bright red.

Siegfried sang like a lark. He ground the sword into fine powder. He melted the dust in the fire and poured it into a mold. Then he drew out the sword, laid it on the anvil, and hammered and beat on it.

Mimi grew blacker and smaller as he watched the boy. But Siegfried sang and sang as he pulled the bellows and swung his hammer.



SIEGFRIED FORGING THE SWORD

The light of the fire filled the whole cave. At every blow Siegfried grew stronger. The sword bent like a living flame. Then the boy sharpened and sharpened it, and polished it till it was as beautiful as a flash of light.

At last he lifted it high above his head and with one blow split the anvil in two. But the sword was not broken, nor its edge even dulled. It was a magic sword and could be mended only by one who was not afraid. Mimi could never have mended it, no matter how long he had tried. Siegfried could mend it because he had never known fear.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



ROSA BONHEUR

LIONS AT HOME

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

In the heart of a deep wood lived a family of great lions. In a meadow close by lived many families of little field mice.

One summer day the father lion was sleeping under a tree. Some mice were playing about very near. One of them ran right over the lion's face.

The lion woke up with a start and was very angry with the mouse. He put out his paw to kill him.

But the mouse cried out: "Oh, Mr. Lion! I was only in play. I have never hurt you. If you let me go, I may help you some day."

The lion laughed. "What do you suppose a mouse could do for a lion?" he said.

But he let the mouse go. The little thing scampered home to tell his brothers and sisters what a wonderful thing had happened.

Not many days after, when these same little mice were playing again in the forest, they heard a lion roaring. It was a dreadful noise. They were much frightened and started to run home.

But our little mouse remembered how a lion had saved his life and he stopped. "Suppose that were my friend," he said, "and I could help him."

He ran back into the wood and found his lion tied by strong ropes and bound to the ground. Some hunters had caught him and would soon be back to carry him away.

The lion had tried again and again to break the ropes. He had given up all hope, when he heard a little voice in his ear saying, "I am so glad I came back."

"Oh!" the lion groaned; "what can you do? You are so small."

Without a word the mouse set to work with his sharp little teeth. He gnawed and gnawed at the ropes until the lion stood up free.

Then the mouse said, "You see even a mouse may help a lion."

When the hunters came they found only a mouse running under the leaves and ropes.

THE RABBIT

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

HOLLAND

If you were a little Dutch boy or girl, born in Holland, you would be living in a very different country from ours.

For one thing you would know what dikes are. A Dutch boy would tell you that dikes are strong high walls built to keep the ocean out.

In many parts of Holland the land is lower than the sea. So the Dutch have made strong dikes to keep their towns from being swept away by the sea.

The canals in Holland, too, would seem strange to an American boy. The Dutch know how to make use of everything. They fight back the ocean with the dikes, and yet they use it to fill their long canals.

When they wish the sea to flow into the canals they raise gates in the dikes. When the canals are full the gates are closed.

Would it not seem strange to have streets that were waterways, where boats and ships went up and down instead of wagons and carriages?

Everywhere in this flat country you can see windmills. The windmills grind the corn, saw the wood, and pump the water. Night and day, whenever the wind blows, they work, — work all the time and never rest.

The Dutch women are very, very neat. They, too, work most of the time. They scrub their houses, the doorstones, and even the streets.

The little Dutch children do not wear clothes like yours. The girls wear caps and long aprons like their mothers. And the boys wear baggy trousers like their fathers.

Boys and girls wear queer wooden shoes cut out of a solid block of wood. The shoes go clump, clump, clump, up and down the paving stones. They will never wear out. How fast do you think you could run in heavy wooden shoes like these?



By MARCIA OAKES WOODBURY

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

From a Copley print. Copyright, 1904, by Curtis & Cameron, Publishers, Boston

THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM

The little boy whose story I am going to tell you lived in Haarlem, a city in Holland. His father took care of the dikes and opened and shut the gates of the canals.

Even the little children in Holland know that the dikes must be carefully watched, to see that the water makes no hole in the walls.

This little boy was eight years old. One day he asked his mother if he might take some cakes to a poor blind man, who lived on the other side of the dike.

His mother gave him a little basket of cakes. "You may go," she said, "but be sure to come home early."

He had a happy time walking over the dike and watching the water and the windmills. It was October, and the rains had kept the waters high.

On his way home he stopped to pick some pretty blue flowers to take to his mother.



RUYSDAEL

LANDSCAPE WITH MILL

Suddenly he noticed that the sun was getting low. He hurried on. When he came to the dike he stopped. He was sure he heard a trickling sound like water dripping.

He found, high up on the dike, a tiny hole that the water had made. The whole city might be flooded and all the people drowned, if something were not done at once.

He threw away his flowers, climbed up from stone to stone till he reached the hole, and put his finger in it. To his joy he found he could stop the dripping of the water.

At first he thought some one would come. But it was getting dark and very cold. He shouted and called. No one answered.

The poor finger in the hole grew numb, and his whole body ached with the cold. But the boy never moved.

It grew very dark. He thought of his father and mother, of his little bed where he might be sleeping. The tears rolled down his cheeks. Still no one came, and he dared not take his finger from the hole.

All night long he sat there. Just as daylight was breaking a man going over the dike heard a groan. He looked down and saw the poor little boy sitting on the stone and crying from the pain.

"Why, what are you doing, boy?" he called.

"I am keeping the water from running in," was all the hero said.

The story of this brave little hero of Haarlem has come to us from many years ago. No one

knows even his name. We only know that a little boy saved the great city of Haarlem.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Selected

THE KNIGHTS OF OLDEN TIMES

Knights are just brave, true, honest men.

The knights of old promised the king that they would help the poor and the weak, that they would do what was right, and be true to God and the king.

In that day knights fought all their enemies with their swords.

There are knights to-day who try to help the poor and the weak. But we have learned that there are better ways to make the wrong right than by fighting. To-day men do not go out with swords to fight all they see who are doing

wrong. They try to kill the wrong in their own hearts, and then help every one to do the same.

In olden times a man could not become a knight all at once. He began when he was a little boy seven years old.

He was taught to be helpful and kind. He must never do anything that he would be ashamed of. He must be polite to every one, always tell the truth, and never be afraid.

The little boy learning to be a knight was called a page until he was fourteen years old.

Then he was called a squire. He learned to ride a horse, to take care of armor, and to use the sword and spear.

When he was twenty-one he could become a real knight. He knelt down before the king and promised he would all his life do everything a brave knight should.

Then the king said: "I make thee knight; be brave and loyal. Arise, Sir Knight."



G. F. WATTS

SIR GALAHAD

THE STORY OF SIEGFRIED — IV

KILLING THE DRAGON

Mimi had told Siegfried what a great knight his father had been, and how he had helped those in trouble. Now Siegfried had grown to be a young man, he also wished to be a brave knight like his father.

The silver horn called more clearly than ever, "You must love and serve your fellow-men."

Mimi gave him a fine white horse and a suit of new armor.

So, with his magic sword, Siegfried set out to find some one to help.

It was a beautiful Spring morning. The sun fell in shining patches of light on the forest floor. Siegfried listened to the chattering of the squirrels and the chirp of the birds. He wondered what they said to each other.

He wished he had a friend to speak to and he wondered why his mother had left him.



* K. DIEHLITZ

SIEGFRIED FIGHTING THE DRAGON

After a long time he came to a village. All the fields looked bare and brown. The grain was trampled, and there were no fruits and vegetables in the gardens.

The streets of the village were silent and empty. The doors and windows of the houses were closed.

When Siegfried blew a blast on his horn a man put his head out of a window. "Why is your village so sad?" Siegfried asked.

"Oh," the man said, "a dreadful dragon has eaten all our grain, and not only that, but our cattle and even our little children. No one dares to kill him, he is so terrible."

"Why," Siegfried said, "I will kill him."

He went down to the river where the dragon came to drink. He lifted his horn and blew loud and clear. Then he heard a great roar. The very earth seemed to tremble.

Down the hill came the dragon, a huge, ugly creature, something like a giant lizard. It had scales on its body and a long shiny tail. Its

eyes were blazing, and red fire and black smoke came out of its nose. It opened its mouth and showed two rows of teeth like knives.

Siegfried only laughed and, when the huge beast reared, drove his sword into its heart.

All the people of the village came out to meet Siegfried. He would not let them praise him. But deep down in his heart he knew the joy a knight feels when he is able to help those weaker than himself.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you:

But when the leaves hang trembling,

The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?

Neither you nor I:

But when the trees bow down their heads,

The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

THE WIND¹

I saw you toss the kites on high,
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass —

O wind, a-blowing all day long,

O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.

I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all —

O wind, a-blowing all day long,

O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,

O blower, are you young or old?

Are you a beast of field and tree,

Or just a stronger child than me?

O wind, a-blowing all day long,

O wind, that sings so loud a song!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

¹ From *Poems and Ballads*; copyright, 1895, 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE KING OF THE WINDS

The great King of the Winds, Æolus, lived in a rocky cave with his four sons.

Every one knows the four sons very well, but no one has ever seen them.

They were the North Wind, the South Wind, the East Wind, and the West Wind.

Such busy people as these sons were! They had to drive the sailboats, turn the windmills, fly the boys' kites, and do a thousand other things all around the world.

Æolus sent them out from the cave one by one. He always knew which one the earth needed.

He sent the bold North Wind in winter to bring the ice and the snow. In spring the wild West Wind swept the earth clean. He made everything ready that the gentle South Wind might bring the flowers and the soft summer weather. The East Wind brought the rain that the grass and thirsty flowers needed.

One day Æolus had a visitor. A great sailor and traveler named Ulysses came to the cave. He had been on a long journey, and was glad to rest for a time with good King Æolus.

Æolus was kind to Ulysses and his sailors. When they started out once more on their journey, he put in their boat food and gifts.

One of these gifts was very strange. It was a great sack as large as an ox, tied with a cord of shining silver.

When Æolus put this in the boat, he whispered to Ulysses: "I have bound up all the wild winds in this sack so that no storm can trouble you on your voyage. If you need a wind at any time, you can carefully open the bag and let out the one you want. Then close it quickly and bind it fast with the silver cord."

So Ulysses and his men set out for home. Æolus sent after them a gentle wind to fill their sails. But one day when Ulysses was

asleep, the sailors began to talk about that strange bag.

"It must be full of treasure," they said.
"Why should n't we have some of it?"

They decided to open the bag. So they loosed the silver cord.

In a moment all the wild winds had burst forth, and lashed the waves into foam.

Ulysses waked up very quickly. But neither he nor the sailors could do anything with the winds. No one could get them back into that bag save their father, Æolus.

The boat was blown so far away that it was long years before Ulysses and his men got back to their own home.

But when the great sailor did reach home, he liked to tell the story of the bag of winds given him by King Æolus.

Every one liked to hear of the great trouble which the foolish sailors brought on themselves and Ulysses by opening the bag.



CHERRY TREE IN BLOOM

CHERRY TIME IN FAR JAPAN

On the other side of this round world of ours is the country of Japan.

We sometimes call it the land of flowers. This is not because Japan has more flowers than we have, but because the Japanese love so well the few they have.

Nearly every month in the year they have a flower festival or picnic.

Everybody, old and young, has a holiday in May when the cherry trees are in bloom.

The cherry blossoms in Japan are not small and white like ours. They are very large and of a lovely pink color.

When the Cherry Festival comes the little children awaken early in the morning. They roll up the mats on which they sleep and put them away, with the little blocks of wood which they use for pillows.

Soon the whole family, grandfather and grandmother, father, mother, and all the children, are ready to start on their picnic. They go to a large park where hundreds of cherry trees are in bloom. They take their lunch and stay all day.

In one large city of Japan is a park with a river running through it. Old and young sail up and down the river to see the pink walls of cherry blossoms that line both banks.

In how many countries do you think old and young would take a holiday once a year just to enjoy the blossoming of the cherry trees?

DAFFYDOWNDILLY

Daffydowndilly came up in the cold,

Through the brown mold,

Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,

Although the white snow lay on many a place.

Daffydowndilly had heard underground

The sweet rushing sound

Of the streams as they broke from their white
winter chains,

Of the whistling spring winds and the pattering
rains.

“Now then,” thought Daffy, deep down in her
heart,

“It’s time I should start.”

So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard
frozen ground,

Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.

There was snow all about her, gray clouds overhead;

The trees all looked dead.

Then how do you think
 Poor Daffydown felt,
 When the sun would not
 shine and the ice
 would not melt?

“Cold weather!” thought
 Daffy, still working
 away.

“The earth ’s hard to-
 day!

There ’s but a half-inch of
 my leaves to be seen,
 And two thirds of that is
 more yellow than
 green.

“I can’t do much yet; but
 I ’ll do what I can.

It’s well I began!

For, unless I can manage to lift up my head,
 The people will think that the Spring herself’s
 dead.”



J. HORACE MCFARLAND

DAFFODILS

So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about;
And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and
gold.

O Daffydowndilly, so brave and so true,
I wish all were like you!
So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And loyal to courage and duty together.

Selected

APOLLO AND PHAETON

Just think of all the good things the sun brings us. It gives us light and heat. It makes the plants and animals grow. It takes water from the ocean up to the sky that it may fall in rain. It makes everything in the world beautiful and glad.

The Greeks said that Apollo, the god of the sun, did all this; and so they loved him best of all the gods. You remember how he let Iris



GUIDO RENI

AURORA

ride in his chariot and how he helped Ceres find little Spring.

Every morning Apollo set out to drive the chariot of the sun around the earth. The Dawn went ahead, as you see in the picture. She drew back the purple cloud-curtains and dropped flowers on the dark earth.

The Hours harnessed the three horses to the chariot. They went with Apollo, carried along on the soft white clouds.

Apollo took the reins. A very wise sure hand was needed to drive those fiery horses.

Apollo had a son, a brave boy named Phaeton, who lived on the earth with his mother.

Phaeton wanted more than anything else to drive his father's horses. Apollo could not bring the chariot near the earth. It would have burned everything up.

So Phaeton made up his mind to go to the palace of the sun.

He had never seen anything so beautiful as his father's throne. On one side stood the days, the months, and the old years. On the other side were the seasons.

Apollo saw Phaeton coming and took off his shining crown, for the bright light blinded the boy's eyes.

"My son," he said, "ask any gift you will. It shall be yours."

"O father!" Phaeton cried, "will you let me drive your chariot just one day?"

"Dear boy," Apollo answered, "I cannot let you do this. You are not strong or wise enough."

But Phaeton begged and Apollo had promised. So he had to let the boy go.

“Do not drive too high,” he said, “or you will burn heaven; nor too low, lest you set the world on fire.”

Phaeton was too happy to listen. He sprang into the golden chariot and the fiery horses started. But they missed Apollo's strong, sure hand.

Up they went above the stars; then down so close to the earth that the highest mountain tops caught fire, and whole countries became deserts.

The horses ran away. Phaeton fell down into a clear river where the water cooled his burns.

At last the horses became quiet and went back into their old path. But to this day the deserts and the bare mountain tops tell how Phaeton tried to drive the chariot of the sun.

THE SUN AND THE WIND

The bold North Wind went roaring up and down the earth. “Oh, ho!” he cried; “how strong I am! See the branches of the great trees bend before me. No one is stronger than I.”

Then a gentle voice said, "I am strong, too. Perhaps I am as strong as you."

"Who are you?" roared the North Wind.

"I am the Sun," said the same gentle voice.

"Oh, ho! so you think you are strong!" cried the Wind. "You, with your soft ways and gentle smiles! Can you move windmills? Can you lash the waves of the ocean? Can you break the strong oak in the forest?"

"Let us try our strength," said the Sun. "There comes a man wearing a heavy cloak. Let us see which of us can first make him take it off."

"Ho! that will be easy," said the Wind. "Let me try." So the North Wind tugged and tugged at the man's cloak. But the harder he blew the closer the man drew his cloak about him.

"I don't see what you can do," North Wind said to the Sun. "All my tugs and pulls make him hold his cloak more tightly."

"I was not going to try that way," replied the Sun. Then he smiled down on the traveler.

The man let go his tight hold on the cloak. The sun kept on smiling softly and silently. The traveler threw his cloak open. Before long he said "Why, how very warm it is! I must take off this cloak."

Then the North Wind said to the gentle Sun, "It is true. You are the stronger. Without any noise you have done what I could not do with all my bluster."

Adapted from Æsop

THE STORY OF SIEGFRIED — V

FINDING THE PRINCESS

A drop of the dragon's blood had fallen on Siegfried's finger, and now the finger began to burn. He put it in his mouth to cool it.

Then a wonderful thing happened. He could understand all that the birds and animals were saying. A little bird on a branch above him had hopped near, and was trying to tell him something.

It sang about his mother and himself. Then suddenly Siegfried began to listen more closely. The bird sang: "Far away a beautiful princess is lying fast asleep. All around her burns a wall of fire, so fierce that no one dares go through it. She will sleep until a knight who has never known fear comes to waken her."

Siegfried listened to hear more. But the bird fluttered on ahead of him. Then Siegfried forgot everything in the world but the beautiful princess.

Mounting his faithful horse he followed the bird. It led him on and on. At last he came in sight of the wall of fire. He had never seen flames so hot and so fierce.

Not for a moment did he stop. Patting his horse's neck, he rode straight on into the fire. The flames roared about them but not a hair of either was singed. He looked back. The fire was gone. Only a heap of ashes lay behind him.

He came to the gates of a city and blew a blast on his silver horn. Not a soul stirred. The



BRUNHILDE

princess and all her people had been suddenly put to sleep. Even the horses and their drivers were asleep. People were standing on the streets asleep, just where they had been walking.

Before the castle the guards stood straight and stiff, but fast asleep.

Inside the castle ladies in satin and jewels were sleeping. In the kitchen the cook was just putting the bread into the oven, but she was asleep.

Upstairs Siegfried opened a door. A bright light filled the room. In the midst of the beautiful shining he saw what he thought was a knight. "I have found a friend," he said.

The light gleamed on a helmet and armor. He went over and took the helmet from the head. A long lock of hair as bright as gold fell down.

Then he loosened the armor. There in beautiful white robes lay the Princess Brunhilde.

Siegfried stood still in wonder. Then he bent over and kissed her forehead, as lightly as the sun kisses the spring flowers to open their eyes.

Instantly Brunhilde was wide awake. And everything and everybody waked up. The cook went on putting the bread into the oven. The horses began to pull the wagons. The guards at the castle doors opened their eyes.

Brunhilde was happy. For years she had slept, waiting for the knight who should not fear the wall of fire. Siegfried was not lonely again. He understood now the song of the silver horn.

THE LILY SISTERS

Not very long ago there lived three little sisters, dressed all in shining green. They were called the Lily sisters, and they lived together in a beautiful palace belonging to a great king.

Such a wonderful palace as it was! The floors were covered with velvety green carpets. The ceilings were made of turquoise and pearl.

The sunbeams and the raindrops were the Lilies' playmates. Mother Nature took care of them and taught them to do their work. Every one in the palace had work to do for the king.

The sisters knew that some day the king would come to see how well they had done their work. If they had been good, he would give them beautiful white robes and golden crowns.

You will find it hard to believe that one of the three little sisters was not happy. She wanted her new robe right away.

When the sunbeam children came to play, she would sulk and be naughty. Then they would leave her alone, and play with her sisters.

If the raindrops asked her to play with them, she would say, "You are too rough; let me alone!" So the sunbeams and raindrops could not help her, as they helped the two happy sisters.

One day the great king came. He saw how well the happy sisters did their work, and he said to the sunbeams, "Go, tell every one in the palace that the Lily sisters shall have their robes and crowns to-day."

The sunbeams crept into the palace, and waked all the children with kisses.

Then they took off the old green dresses of the little sisters, and put on beautiful white robes, and gave them crowns of pure gold.



From a photograph by J. HORACE MACFARLAND

LILIES

The sad little sister looked on. Her turn came last. She had a white dress, but there were streaks of green in it. She had a crown too; but it was not so bright as the others.

She wept bitterly; but Mother Nature whispered in her ear, "Next year the king will give you another chance to earn a robe and crown."

Every one was glad that the sisters were crowned. The birds gave a grand concert; and the Lilies held a reception.

The next day a little girl took the two happy sisters away with her.

It was Easter Sunday; and the Lilies went to church. They lifted up their heads, and were the happiest they had been in their happy lives.

The sunshine came in at the long windows. The organ music rolled through the sweet air; and the Lilies heard again the story of the great king's love.

Adapted from "Buttercup Gold" .

by ELLEN ROBENA FIELD

VIOLETS

God does not send us strange flowers every year.
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces.
The violet is here.

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY

THE FIELD'S STORY

In the spring a squirrel crept out on the rail fence running round a great brown field. He held in his paws a nut left from his winter's store. He cracked the nut, ate it, and let the shell drop down in the field.

The sun shone warm, and the squirrel was happy. "It's time for my work to begin," he said. "The nuts are about gone. Old brown Field, you don't have to work, do you?"

"Indeed I do work," the Field answered. "Let me tell you what I do with the farmer and the sun and the rain to help me.

“I have been resting all winter with the snow-blanket to keep me warm. Oh, is n’t it fine now to feel the sun?

“In a few days the farmer will come with his plow, and turn over my rich brown soil that has been packed hard all winter.

“Then he will bring his harrow and go over it again, to make the ground soft and loose.

“He sows great handfuls of wheat seed, going back and forth, and back and forth. I am helping him; so are the sun and rain. The little seeds begin to grow, and I give them food.

“I am happy when the soft green of the tiny wheat plants covers my soil. At first the plants look like grass. They grow taller and taller. Then the flowers come out. They are not pretty flowers. You would hardly see them. But I know what they mean. They mean seeds, grains of wheat.

“When harvest time comes I am proudest. My year’s work is almost done. All the wheat is a bright golden yellow and very beautiful.



JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

THE SOWER

“The wind rustles through the yellow heads of wheat. They say, ‘Dear Field, we are sorry to go, but the little children must have bread.’

“So the farmer and his men come with a reaper and cut down the yellow grain. I have never seen what happens then. But the little bird that had a nest in the wheat one summer told me the grain is threshed until it falls out of the husks. Then it is taken to the flour mill and crushed into flour. The flour is made into bread for men and women and little children.

“Don’t you think, Squirrel, that I work?”

“Why, yes,” the squirrel answered, as he whisked away; “you are useful, after all. Perhaps every one has to work.”

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,

And back of the flour the mill;

And back of the mill is the wheat, and the shower,

And the sun, and the Father’s will.

IN THE HEART OF A SEED

In the heart of a seed,
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.

“Wake!” said the sunshine,
“And creep to the light!”
“Wake!” said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard,
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be.

KATE LOUISE BROWN

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so.
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

Selected



JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

SHEEP SHEARING

A TRUE SHEEP STORY

Once on a time a real little girl named Ellen stood in the door of a farmhouse. She wanted some one to play with.

Her mother had gone to a far-away country, and Ellen had no brothers or sisters. Her father was her only playmate, excepting the gray kitten and the woolly lambs.

Ellen's father lived on a large sheep farm. He knew how lonely the child was, and often took her with him into the sheep pastures.

Sometimes he gave her a basket of salt and let her feed it to the lambs.

This was a sunny spring day. Ellen, standing in the door, wished there was something to do.

There was father coming! She ran down the path to meet him. Before she got to him he called: "Ellen, we are going to pen the sheep down in the big pasture. Do you want to come?"

Of course she wanted to go; and she danced along beside him.

The men were driving the sheep out of the pasture into a large pen. Two or three lambs were straying toward a gap in the stone wall.

"Ellen," her father called, "stand near that gap and keep the sheep back."

Ellen was quite used to the sheep and not afraid of them. A big basket stood on the ground a little way behind her.

As the flock of sheep came near the gap a ram took one step toward Ellen. If she had stood still, the ram would not have come any

nearer. But he did look very big, as he shook his head at her. So Ellen stepped backward.

The ram took another step toward her. Again and again the ram came slowly one step toward the little girl ; and Ellen went one step backward.

Then a queer thing happened. Ellen overturned the big basket behind her, and sat down suddenly on the soft grass. The basket tipped up and fell on top of her, covering her all up. Poor little Ellen was penned in herself.

The ram gave one bound over the top of the basket, through the gap in the wall, out into the meadow. Sheep always follow their leader. One by one the sheep followed the ram, and jumped over the basket out into the meadow.

Ellen's father hurried up, lifted the basket, and took in his arms a frightened little girl. She laughed, though, when she was safe in her father's arms.

Then the men had to begin again to drive the sheep out of the meadow into the pen.

JUNE

A little bird comes when I waken,
So early these mornings in June;
He sings in a tree by my window,
And it's always this queer little tune:
 "Chirrup-chee, be merry like me,
 Little child, be merry like me."

Another bird comes in the evening,
And sings to me softly and low,
He calls to me over and over,
Till off to sleep I go:
 "Cuckoo, cuckoo, be true,
 Cuckoo, little child, be true."

Whenever I'm naughty or frowning,
I think of these birds in the tree,
That always at morning and evening
Are singing their sweet songs to me:

“Cuckoo, cuckoo, be true,
Chirrup-chee, be merry like me,
Cuckoo, little child, be true,
Chirrup-chee, be merry like me.”

ISABEL STURTEVANT BURTON

DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
She is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped
them down

Into the meadows of the town.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN



From photograph by FRANCES and MARY ALLEN

PICKING DAISIES

ST. FRANCIS PREACHING TO THE BIRDS

Seven hundred years ago there lived in Italy one of the best men this world has seen. Because he was so loving, we call him St. Francis.

He was indeed a true knight, though he did not wear armor.

He loved not only people but every living thing. He walked carefully over the stones lest he should hurt some tiny creature. He even took caterpillars out of paths to save them from being stepped on.

The birds and animals loved St. Francis as much as he loved them. They knew he was their friend. When he went through the fields flocks of birds followed him and sang to him. Dogs and even fierce wolves licked his hands.

One summer day St. Francis saw a large flock of birds in a field beside the road.

He ran into the field, saying, "I must preach to my little brothers, the birds."



ST. FRANCIS PREACHING TO THE BIRDS

GIOTTO

The birds came close to him. Those that were in the trees flew down to listen.

“My little brother birds,” St. Francis said, “You ought to love God who made you, for he takes care of you. He gives you the pure air for your home, feathers for clothes, and wings to fly with. You do not sow the fields nor reap the grain; but God gives you all you need.”

While St. Francis was talking to them, the birds stretched out their necks, opened their beaks, spread their wings, and listened. They never moved, even when he touched them.

When he had finished he spread out his hands and said, “Now, little brothers, you may go.” And the birds flew away.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

WORD LIST

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

VOWELS

ă as in fâte	ī as in ice	û as in fise
â " senâte	î " ideo	û " ûnite
ă " făt	ī " یت	ũ " ũp
ä " ärm	ī " sīr	û " fūr
ā " ăll	ī " machīne	ū " rŭle
á " ásk		u " pŭll
a " whať	ō " ōld	
â " câre	ô " ôbey	ȳ " flȳ
	ô " nôt	ÿ " babÿ
ē " mēte	o " mōve	
é " évent	o " wŏlf	ew " new
ö " mēt	ó " sôn	oi " boil
ě " hěr	ô " hōrse	oy " boy
ê " thêre	oo " fōod	ou " out
ēē " fēet	oo " fōot	ow " cow

CONSONANTS

c (unmarked) as in call	qu (= kw)	as in quit
ç " miçe	z (= z)	" iă
ch (unmarked) " child	si (= sh)	" tension
eh (= k) " sehool	th (unmarked) " thin	
ci (= sh) " gracious	th " then	
g (unmarked) " go	ti (= sh) " motion	
ğ (= j) " cage	wh (= hw) " what	
ng " ring	x (unmarked) " vex	
n (= ng) " inġ	z (= gz) " exăct	
ph (= f) " phantŏm	z " zone	

All other unmarked consonants have their usual English sounds.

Vowels when obscured and turned toward the neutral sound are marked thus, ă, ȳ, etc. Silent letters are italicized.

WORD LIST

3
Çin'dēr ēl'lā
āsh'ēs
īn vīt'ēd
rīb'bōnş
vēl'vet

4
kītch'ēn
sōbbēd
wānd
pūmp'kīn
cōach
sāt'īn
līz'ardş
(ē)

5
slīp'pērş
rē mēm'bēr
strān'gēr

7
trūmp'ēts
mār'rŷ
ēld'ēr

8
ā shāmed'
roy'āl

pāl'āçe
En'glānd
(ⁿ)
9
Ān'thō nŷ
vān Dŷck'

10
frōck
trimmed
dāin'tŷ
Stū'art
gēn'tiān

12
frīnge
glīmpse
ēye'lāsh
dīf'fēr ent

rī'vāl
14
wān'īng
wōōd'bīne
twīn'īng
āft'ēr māths

bōasts

15
stālks

gāy'lŷ
rē plīed'

16
knōcked

17
Çē'rēs
Grēēçe
rules
gōd'dēss ēş
Ā pōl'lō

18
wēep'īng
tōrch
wrīn'kled
chār'ī ōt

21
Grēek
stāt'ūe
shēaf

22
hūd'dled
swarm

23
vāle
bōn'fīreş

trāil
blāz'ēs
smōke
tow'ērş

24
Ī'rīs
frōl'īcked
fleē'çŷ
twī'light
tēased

26
wrēathes
stērn
mēs'sēn gēr

27
lōom
shūt'tle
fās'tened
hūr'rŷ īng

28
ārch'ēs
Ā lād'dīn
Mus'ta phā
(ōō)

29
mā g'ī'ciān

yõn'děr	věg'è tà bləʃ	pā'tiənt	50
fiērçe	blouse	42	Psälm
30	pěn'nies	Siēg'friēd	měr'çŷ
măg'ic	mòn'eŷ	dwarf	Pic'cò là
slāve	36	blāst	Sāint Nīeh'ò-
rüst'ŷ	ěx prěss'mən	Mi'mi	lās
31	dūmp' hēap	43	51
mō'ment	strūng	sivōrd	chīm'neŷ
běg'gar lŷ	gnaw	sěve	52
(e)	cōmbed	fěl'lōw-měn'	shīv'ěr ing
çěl'lar	37	44	cūd'dled
(ē)	thrūst	cõn tēnt'	sūlk
dāmp	strūt'těd	nā'tive	53
brāin	mār'kět	bow'ěr	Flōr'ən tīne
Spāin	crān'běr rīes	còm'fort ēth	swad'dlīng
cās'tles	38	(ē) 45	54
33	striped	pěas'ant	Děl'lā Rōb'bī à
Jěr'rŷ	39	Nān nētte'	plās'těr
kīn'děr gār'tēn	smīth'ŷ	Bāb bētte'	hōs'pī tal
Bōs'ton	lēath'ěr	46	Flōr'ənçe
trou'şers	chār'cōal	wan'dēred	Gā brī ēl'lā
răg'gěd	40	47	55
shirt'wāist	pīn'çers	clōak	chōc'ò lātes
cough	drāy	48	Ĭ tāl'ian
(kaf)	Ti'tūs	tēnd'ěd	(v)
34	ěl'ě phant	knīt	Brū'nō
hō těl'	41	rūf'fled	56
mīd'nīght	slīp'pěr ŷ	49	Běrne
bā nā'nās	shōd	shēp'hērd ēs	īn'tēr ěst ing
35			
ēa'gěr			

Swīt/zēr land	wōōd'/chück	sěrv'ant	81
strětch'ing	clūs'těrs	scōld'ed	Hōl'land
foun'tain	pār'čěl	ěn'gīne	dikes
57	68	73	cā nāl's'
cārv'ing	à grēē'	mīr'ror	82
clūm'šy	ēase	(ē)	sōl'id
crēa'tūre	tūm'bling	74	clūmp
cār'rots	fōlk	mōld	pāv'ing
tūr'nīps	cōm pēlled'	76	84
58	rōam	pōl'ished	hē'ró
clām'bēr	69	vīl'lāge	Hāar'lem
Dūke	mān'tle	sīn'ew y	85
guārd	glōom	mūs'cles	sūd'dēn lŷ
61	děcks	brāwn'y	trīc'klīng
trōt'tēd	fīnt'y	77	flood'ed
63	quāint	slēdge	drowned
cā noe'	pīl'lar	mēas'tred	86
(ōō)	(ē)	(zh)	nūmb
hā'zel	ghōst	sēx'ton	āehed
knōwl'ēdge	70	chāff	87
wōōd'crāft	ūn rāv'el	thrēsh'ing	ēar'nēst
64	pōr'ridge	78	hōn'ēst
bał'sam	71	ān'grŷ	prōm'ised
66	bēard	79	fought
quīlls	stēam	sūp pōse'	(fat)
hēdge'hōg	Watt	scām'pēred	ěn'ē mīes
Kwā'sīnd	Scōt'land	drēad'ful	88
pās'sāge	wītc'h'ēs	80	pō līte'
67	72	grōaned	squīre
Whīt'tī er	fāc'tō rīes	hāunch'ēs	knēlt

loy'al	fēs'ti val	108	whisked
eo	pīc'nīc	flūt'tēred	119
drāg'on	hōl'i dāy	mount'ing	bur'ied
troub'le	100	singed	(e)
sūt	pāt'tēr ing	stirred	120
pātch'ēs	frō'zen	109	Ēl'lēn
92	sūr'fāce	guārds	121
trām'pled	101	110	strāy'ing
cāt'tle	mān'āge	hēl'mēt	122
tēr'rī ble	102	Brun'hīl de	tīpped
ūg'ly	rōbed	111	123
93	coūr'āge	çēil'ings	chīr'rūp-cheē
rēared	Phā'ē tōn	tūr'quoisē	cuck'ōo
trēm'blīng	103	(k)	frown'ing
95	dawn	112	126
Aē'ō lūs	cūr'tain	rougħ	Sāint Frān'çīs
96	hār'nēssed	(h)	wolves
trāv'ēl ēr	reins	114	128
Ū lys'sēs	(s)	strēaks	fīn'ished
voy'āge	fī'ēr y	cōn'çert	
97	104	rē çep'tiōn	
dē çīd'ēd	thrōne	ōr'gan	
lōōscd	105	116	
lāshed	dēs'erts	hār'rōw	
fōam	106	118	
98	tūgged	rūs'tlē	
Jā pān'	107	rēap'ēr	
Jāp ā nēše'	blūs'tēr	thrēshed	
	blōod	hūsks	

